

In Recital

Linda Houle, soprano

and

Iouri Alechine, bass

assisted by

Michael Levin, piano

Wednesday, May 1, 1996 at 2:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Hard Times, Come Again No More

Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)

Pastorale

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Ich wollt' meine Lieb'

Herbstlied

Wasserfahrt

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

No. 6. "Il pallor funesto, orrendo"
from **Lucia di Lamermoor**

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Intermission

Слезы ("Tears")

В огороде, возле броду ("In the garden by the stream")

Рассвет ("Daybreak")

Piotr Ilich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

Introduction and Duet "Non c'è vecchio sursurronne"
from **Cambiaie di Matrimonio**

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Pretty Polly, say
from **The Beggar's Opera**

arr. Johann Christoph Pepusch
(1667-1752)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Houle and Mr Alechine.

Translations

Pastorale/Pastorale

Here the tender birds taste a hundred sweet secrets,

And one hears from the shore the sounds of their little songs which they taught to the echoes.

In the green fields the brooks murmur their love songs.

And one can see as far as the elms and how they embrace the little flowers,
while leaning over them with their young boughs.

Ich wollt' meine Lieb'/I wish my Love

I wish my love could pour itself out in a single word,
This I would give to the airy breezes,
They would carry it happily away.
They carry to you dearly beloved
The love-filled word,
You hear it on every hour,
You hear it at every place.
And have you during the nightly slumber barely
closed your eyes,
So will my image you follow
Into the deepest dream.

Herbstlied/Autumn Song

Ah! How so soon
the sound of Round dance dies off,
Changes spring into wintertime!
Ah! How so soon
in sad silence
Changes itself completely the happiness!

Soon are the last sounds flown away!
Soon have the last singers moved on!
Soon is the last green disappeared!
All of these they wish homeward to go.

Ah! How so soon
the sound of Round dance dies off,
Changes happiness into yearning sorrow.
Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?
Sweet like the spring,
And quickly disappeared?
One thing, only one thing will never disappear:
It is the yearning which never disappears!

Ah! How so soon
in sad silence
Changes itself completely the happiness!
Ah! How so soon!

Wasserfahrt/The Voyager

I stood leaning against the mast,
and counted every wave,
Goodbye! my sweet fatherland!
My ship will sail soon!

I passed my sweetheart's house,
the window panes sparkle;
I look til my eyes see no more,
Yet no one becons to me.

You tears stay out of my eye,
so that I the dark can see,
You poor heart break me not,
through all too great pain!

Il pallor funesto orrendo/See these cheeks so pale and haggard

ENRICO
Draw nearer, my Lucy,
On this fair morn accept a brother's greeting!
May this glad day, sacred to love and Hymen,
Auspicious prove to thee. Thou hearest me? Thou'rt
silent!

LUCIA
See these cheeks so pale and haggard,
See these features so worn with sadness!
Do not they betray too plainly all my anguish,
All my despair, too?
Pardon may'st thou from Heaven not vainly
ask for this thy inhuman, cruel constraint,
this thy harsh and cruel constraint.

ENRICO
Cease this wild recrimination,
both to thee and me degrading.
Of the past be thou but silent!
I thy brother will no further make complaint!
Flown has my anger! Banish thy dejection,
Buried be all that thine honor could taint.

A noble husband –

LUCIA
Cease to urge me!
To another true faith I have sworn!

ENRICO
To another!
LUCIA
My brother!

**Il pallor funesto orrendo/See these cheeks so pale
and haggard (continued)**

ENRICO

'Tis well!

By this letter thou may'st see
How he keeps his faith with thee!

Read it!

LUCIA

How beats my fluttering heart!

ENRICO

Thou dost falter —

LUCIA

Ah! great Heaven!

Break, poor heart!

My sufferings and sorrows I've borne without
repining,

I hoped that the morrow some comfort might dawn!

All's lost now, forsaken, deserted, forlorn,

My last hope departed, my true love turned to scorn.

ENRICO

Thy name thou disgracest,

Thy blood thou debasest,

Thy love he disdaineth,

Thyself he defameth,

The judgement of Heaven at length overtakes thee.

Thy race's dark foeman doth treat thee with scorn,

Yes, yes, he treats thee with scorn!

LUCIA

What hear I?

ENRICO

Those sounds of gladness

Tell the arrival —

LUCIA

Of whom?

ENRICO

Thy destined husband.

LUCIA

Through every vein

My blood doth seem congealing.

I tremble!

ENRICO

The marriage rites await thee now!

LUCIA

The dark grave be my refuge rather!

**Il pallor funesto orrendo/See these cheeks so pale
and haggard (continued)**

ENRICO

Oh, fatal hour of dark despair!

Hear me. The late rebellion

I was one who secretly abetted;

To Arthur, for my present safety

I'm alone indebted!

He from a foul, a traitor's doom,

Alone hath power to save me.

LUCIA

And I then?

ENRICO

Thou must wed him.

LUCIA

My brother!

ENRICO

Come to the altar.

LUCIA

I love another.

ENRICO

Still dost thou falter?

LUCIA

But —

ENRICO

To the altar!

LUCIA

Oh, heaven!

ENRICO

I'm thy guardian, darest thou brave me?

I'm thy brother — wilt thou save me?

From the hands of thee, my sister,

Must I meet a traitor's doom?

See the axe, by one thread hanging;

Hark; the deep-toned deathbell clanging.

Hath affection lost all power?

Wilt consign me unto the tomb?

LUCIA

I'm thy sister, dost thou love me!

I am dying, will that move thee!

From the hands of thee, my brother,

Must I meet now this dreadful doom!

Hopeless misery all surrounding,

Even while the marriage bell is sounding;

Fear and hate will be my dower;

Better had I wed the tomb.

Слезы/Tears

Oh, human tears, you are shed by night and by day.
You are unknown, you are unseen, you are inexhaustible.
You are shed like streams of rain
In deep autumn, in dark night.
You are unknown, you are unseen, you are inexhaustible, you are innumerable.

В огороде, возле броду/In the garden by the stream

In the garden by the stream the poppy is blooming,
and the beautiful maiden does not go to the stream to draw water.
In the garden the green ivy withers on the wooden fence,
The black-browed, white-faced maiden is in sorrow.

In the garden the pussy-willow is bending under the wind,
The black-browed maiden is in a melancholy mood.
She is weeping and crying, writing like a little fish,
but the young lad is laughing at her.

In the garden by the stream the poppy is blooming,
The beautiful maiden does not go to the stream to draw water.
In the garden the green ivy withers on the wooden fence,
The black-browed, white-faced maiden is in sorrow.

Рассвет/Daybreak

The day is breaking, Sun will soon rise.
Can you hear... it is a nightingale singing passionately his songs.
The gleam of dawn is brighter and brighter;
Look, as if the mist over the river has risen.
The flower scent floats everywhere,
and the morning dew shines on the grass like silver.

The day is breaking, Sun will soon rise.
Can you hear... it is a nightingale singing passionately his songs.
The gleam of dawn is brighter and brighter;
Look, as if the mist over the river has risen.
The rush is whispering something, bending to the water;
Deep quiet stays everywhere over the fields
It feels so light, so gratifying,
The breast breaths freely.
Offer your prayers to God now and start on a journey!
The rush is whispering something, bending to the water;
Deep quiet stays everywhere over the fields.

Non c'è vecchio sursurronne/The old grumbler isn't here

NORTON

The old grumbler isn't here;
Stay with me a while, Clarina.

CLARINA

I'm sure the young mistress
Will call me any moment.

NORTON

But now that we're alone...

CLARINA

Tell me quickly what you want.

NORTON

When is Miss Fanny to be married?

CLARINA

Not for some time yet.

NORTON

You don't know everything!

CLARINA

And what have you heard?

NORTON

Terrific news!

CLARINA

What could it be?

NORTON

I'll tell you...

CLARINA

Well?

NORTON

I'll tell you...

CLARINA

Oh, dear! Our master,

I already hear him grumbling.

You'll tell me the rest later,

I want you to tell me everything.

Yes, I already hear him grumbling.

I want you to tell me everything.

NORTON

Oh, dear! I already hear the master,

I already hear him grumbling.

I'll tell you the rest later.

I can't tell you now.

Yes, I already hear him grumbling.

I can't tell you now.

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